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ACROSS THE COUNTRY.



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I dedicate to my fellow travellers this short account of our journey of six weeks to California, hoping it may remind them of its pleasant incidents.

To our manager, who planned and so carefully conducted our trip, I give my most hearty thanks.

C. H. P., JR.

*Blue Hill, Milton, Mass.*

*Sept. 5, 1889.*



## ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

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A PARTY of seven started on a trip across the country one day in the middle of February, 1889. The following newspaper extract explains the object of the journey:—

The wedding of Mr. Jackson, the attorney for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Miss Forbes will take place this week, at the home of the bride's father, in San Francisco. The intended groom is now on his way here with a party of friends. He resides at Newark, and has held the position of Speaker of the House of Representatives of the New Jersey Legislature. His brother and best man, who accompanies him, Mr. H. W. Jackson, is one of Chicago's most successful lawyers, where he is attorney for the Pullman Car Company. The ladies of the party are the Misses Julia and Harriet Jackson, sisters of the groom, Miss Parker of Boston, and a cousin, Miss Wolcott of New York, and they are all lineal descendants of Mr. Oliver Wolcott, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

Leaving Jersey City by way of the Pennsylvania railroad at six o'clock in the afternoon, we travelled all night through Pennsylvania and took breakfast at Pittsburgh. Then, after passing through Ohio and Indiana, we arrived at Chicago at half past nine in the evening, where we were delighted to rest in a comfortable bed and to spend two days at the Grand Pacific hotel.

The day after our arrival in Chicago was Sunday, and four of our party went to hear Mr. Swing preach at the Music Hall. The service was quite pleasant, with a sermon, prayer, two hymns and Schubert's Serenade played finely on the organ. In the afternoon we took a walk along Michigan Avenue and had a good view of the lake as the avenue runs along beside it.

The buildings of Chicago are massive and impressive; the flatness of the city making them look very solid and even. We saw the Republican Convention building where Blaine was nominated four years ago.

Monday morning two of us took a drive around town and after doing two or three errands, we went to Lincoln Park which is very prettily situated on the lake. Near it are many handsome residences.



We left Chicago at noon on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road, which is called the cheapest, best and quickest. Travelling that afternoon through Illinois we saw some pretty ranches dotted over the plains and surrounded by tall, stately trees. After crossing the Mississippi at Burlington, we settled for the night, awaking the next morning in Nebraska and taking breakfast at its capital, Lincoln, which appeared to me very small.

We travelled all that day through Nebraska and a part of Colorado, passing innumerable ranches, mud huts, snow sheds, and herds of cattle. The plains are very impressive, like a great ocean, with little villages, lonely farms and an occasional wagon or man on horse-back instead of ships. Every now and then the plains again were covered with snow, looking like a sea of ice, and the sunset glow over all was exquisite. The ranches are little groups of a small house, big barns, a windmill, a clump of trees and many cattle. We stopped at one of these ranches for meals; the loneliness gave us a feeling of being in mid ocean.

We arrived at "The Windsor," Denver, at nine o'clock in the evening, after a pleasant and comfortable journey. The next morning we all went out to

the suburbs of the city and had a beautiful view of the surrounding mountains covered with snow, and of Pike's Peak in the distance. The city is very pretty and has many handsome buildings, and lying as it does in a valley, the views of the snow-capped mountains at the heads of the streets give it a Swiss look. The houses are little two-story brick buildings, in a very picturesque style of architecture, and there are also some handsome, large residences. We took a walk and visited some stores where very pretty pressed wild flowers of the Rocky Mountains and agates and minerals were kept. We saw at one of them a petrified Indian, which was a horrible sight.

Wednesday, at one o'clock, we started for Colorado Springs, passing on our way some grand mountains and curious, castle-like formations of rock. On arriving at the Springs, as we were to leave next morning for Salt Lake City, we drove out to Manitou and thought it very pretty with its circle of mountains and Pike's Peak for a background. Coming back, we caught a glimpse of the Garden of the Gods, which seemed picturesque, but rather disappointing on the whole. The "Antlers," our hotel, is only a few miles from Manitou, and we were glad to return to it and

settle for the night. The house is large and comfortable — Queen Anne in style.

Thursday, at eleven, we left for Salt Lake City, in the narrow-gauge cars, which were uncomfortable compared with the other cars. But we soon entered on such grand mountain scenery that our discomforts were forgotten. We first came to the Royal Gorge, which is a remarkable pass between two high mountains of rock. The railroad runs along the side of one of them and turns around some sharp curves. The river Arkansas flows through the gorge alongside the railroad. We wound through continual mountain passes the rest of the day. We climbed Marshall Pass in the dark with two engines, going around and around and gradually making our way up to the height of 10,000 feet. Then as we descended the other side of the mountains, still curving around, we could see our engine turning several feet below us. This pass divides the rivers of the two oceans, feeding the Colorado on the west side, on its way to the Pacific Ocean, and the Arkansas on the east side, as it flows to the Atlantic.

The next day, we passed Castle Gate, which is a remarkable formation. A great flat rock making a

sheer, outward wall, almost closes the pass, leaving barely room enough for the railroad to go through. We then crossed into Utah and leaving the mountains behind us, came down into a beautiful valley, flat and encircled by mountains.

We soon arrived in Salt Lake City and went directly to the Walker House, where we spent the night. The next morning we took a long drive around the town, which disappointed me. We went to the "Temple," a high, showy building of white stone and unfurnished, and to the "Tabernacle," where we heard a pin drop, while we were in the gallery at one end of the building, and the man who dropped the pin at the other end and down stairs; the Tabernacle being boat-shaped. This Tabernacle is rather bare, with a bee-hive painted at one end and a great ornament of everlasting evergreen hanging from the centre of the ceiling, which we were told had hung there ten years. The seats were arranged in tiers, the president sitting high up, then the apostles, and so on. We saw the Bee-hive, an enclosure of forty acres, in which Brigham Young's whole family live. The land belonged to Brigham, and now his nineteen wives and their chil-

dren and grand-children live there, making quite a settlement. We saw his grave which is enclosed with an iron fence, and is dug twenty-six feet deep, and has thirty-two tons weight of granite on it. We also saw a small house called "Love's cottage," which belongs to a crazy man, who is still expecting the return of his wife, who died on her way to him from Europe and was buried at sea. The house is one story high, and decorated with wreath of everlastings, flags, curtains and draperies. The poor husband burns a lump in the window all night, so that if his wife returns at any time, she may find him. It was the shock of hearing of her death that made him crazy. From the top of a hill which we climbed, and from which beautiful views of the city, the mountains, and Fort Douglas in the distance were to be had, we saw the mountain, on the top of which an angel is supposed to have appeared to Brigham Young, and to have revealed to him the religion which he was to follow, and where a monument is to be raised to commemorate the event.

We started that Saturday afternoon for San Francisco, changing at Ogden, where we had supper, and passed Salt Lake after dark, but had a view of it by

moonlight. The lake appeared to be divided, for a broad view of it was hidden on account of the mountains around, and because of the mountainous islands in it. On and on we went the next day through the rough, wild and sandy country of Nevada. We had occasional glimpses of Indians. We were two nights and a day on the cars, — our first trip of thirty-six hours, — but we enjoyed it, although we had been travelling so long. During the night we passed through forty miles of snow-sheds, but, as it was dark, they did not trouble us.

Monday morning, when we awoke we looked upon the beautiful green trees and foliage of California. We arrived at Oakland at seven o'clock and went at once to the boat, which soon took us across the bay to San Francisco. We were carried away with delight at seeing such a sight. Ships were sailing in the bay, about the beautiful green islands, and the sun, rising amid superb clouds, illuminated the scene; added to this a little glimpse of the Golden Gate, and you may well believe it was glorious.

We took an omnibus to the Palace Hotel, which some would think really a palace, it is so large; but

in my view, it is anything but palatial in ventilation. We had rooms, the only windows of which open on an immense enclosed court, lighted by skylights and very noisy, for the floor of it is covered with asphalt, and the carriages and teams drive in to dump the trunks there. The walls are white and clean, kept so by Chinamen who are always scrubbing them. The hotel is seven stories high, and the halls extend all around this immense courtyard. At the corners of the tall, white railing, are palms and many other plants. When you drive into the court through the two great gateways, it seems like entering a vast amphitheatre.

We took a trip through the city in the cable cars, a remarkable invention, and went up and down the steepest hills ever seen. Part of each car is open, like the little cars in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, so that one can ride inside or outside as he chooses. It is quite exciting to ride in one.

We went to the Cliff House, which is built right on the shore of the Pacific ocean. A few rods away from it are the famous seal rocks, on which one can see the seals crawling about and hear their barking. The hotel is situated on a high cliff from which there is a beautiful view of the Golden Gate not far off. The

ocean was very pleasing to the eye after so much country, and the surf was grand. The air was so balmy that it was hard to believe that it was still February.

The next morning we looked around the city for a short time and then went out to the Presidio, the fort of Winfield Scott, which is at the Golden Gate. There are some pretty houses there, parade-grounds, and a park. The wild flowers at the fort, which is at the foot of one of the hills forming the Golden Gate, were very pretty, and the views of the ocean through the Gate and of San Francisco at our feet were beautiful. Everything was bright and green, and lovely flowers, such as roses and lilies, were in front of the pretty summer cottages. In going through San Francisco we saw flowers of many kinds in the gardens. There were palms of many varieties, laurestina, white daisies and heliotrope and callas were so common that we tired of them. The hedges are very pretty, and the tall, thick-leaved eucalyptus tree makes a very pleasant shade. By looking down some of the side streets, fine views of the water and of the surrounding mountains may be had.



It seems to me that certainly a third and even a half of the people of San Francisco are Chinese. You see them everywhere, with their moonlike faces and set expression, and their long black pigtailed hanging down so as almost to touch the ground. Some wear very pretty silks of light blue, but all have the same style of dress.

One evening eight of us went to Chinatown with a guide. It was very exciting. We started first for the Joss Temple, which we expected would be a large and beautiful building, but was greatly disappointed. We went up some narrow, old stairs as if we were going to a garret, and then up another dark staircase, till we came to some Chinese watchmen in behind something like a counter. In a moderate sized room, in which were no seats, were the altars, made of carved wood, and on them were idols with all sorts of decorations around them. When we went down again, we saw some of the stores, and the guide showed us some bark which was elastic, and which the Chinese eat to give themselves muscle. The people didn't seem to mind our guide's pulling their wares about, for perhaps they were afraid of him. We next started

for some "opium dens," and went through the lighted streets past crowds of Chinamen, who stood and gazed at us, till we came to little, narrow alleyways leading down into a kind of cellar. Our guide would open the door of one of these places and let us go in. Inside, would be a small room surrounded by bunks, and perhaps sixteen Chinamen would be lying around in most extraordinary positions, and many of them rolling about and all smoking opium in their long pipes. The odor of the dens was disgusting and so overpowering that we could scarcely breathe. In the middle of the rooms, at a table, would be sitting a Chinaman eating rice with chopsticks. The smokers lie there sometimes for three days with nothing to eat but rice. At their sides are little lamps, and tapers which they burn.

We next went to the theatre, and after paying at the box, passed down some steep, narrow and broken stairs to an underground passage, off which were little closet rooms. Then we went up stairs and landed in the green room where all the actors were painting and dressing and the prompter reading the play. We passed through the crowd on to the stage and then took seats. The building was crowded and very hot.

All the women present, and there were but few, were in the gallery, and the mass of men were on the floor, all looking intently at the stage. Their yellow faces looking straight forward were an amusing sight. The men smoked, adding a smell to the already close air, and threw their burning matches on the floor. As the floor was made of wood, as well as the whole building, we were kept in a state of fear as to the safety of the place. The actors seemed to be deeply engaged in a love story, which was accompanied and interrupted by what I suppose should be called a band. This band was composed of very curious instruments, such as cymbals, a kind of guitar and a hammer made of iron, on the handle of which they played with a bow, and made a horrible squeak. The united sound of these instruments would come in a crash at what seemed the end of every sentence. We stayed about twenty minutes watching a remarkably attired woman who cried bitterly and lashed her flowing hair on the ground, while a man with a wild looking face scolded her. Then we became so warm that we left as we had entered, by the green room. When we reached the open air we felt as if we had been pulled through a keyhole.

We next visited a restaurant, where some little girls were making tea. Two men, sitting there, were much excited over a game in which each would shout a word and put out his finger in peculiar positions at the same time. The one who won would take a bean from the other, and sometimes one would have but a single bean left, but would soon get twenty more in succession. Here we ended our excursion in Chinatown and went home very much stirred up.

The next morning, after packing and a short walk, we left for Monterey, where we arrived at half past seven in the evening. That night, as it was late and dark, we could not see much of our surroundings; but the next morning was beautiful, and as I looked out of my window in the Hotel del Monte on to the open court below, with its green lawn dotted with pretty plants, it was like being in paradise. In front of the hotel, which is very large, with two long wings running back and forming the court, is a great stretch of smooth green grass shaded by the beautiful live-oak, which forms charming arbors. The artistically laid out grounds are covered with palms, periwinkle and ferns and flowers of every kind are planted alongside the

hotel ; one side being banked entirely with heliotrope. About five minutes' walk from the hotel is the beach, which is very long and beautiful, and the view of the mountains in the distance, across the bay, is extremely fine. The town of Monterey is about two miles distant, and is very old and uninteresting except for its picturesque cliffs and rough coast. We took many drives long to be remembered for the beautiful, green, inland country, as well as for the exquisite coast scenery.

We remained at this delightful and peaceful place three whole days, which were fully appreciated after our exciting rambles in San Francisco, then left for Santa Barbara by stage over the Santa Ynez mountains. We drove seventeen miles through green hilly country, very fertile and good grazing land, which reminded us of Berkshire county in Massachusetts. The birds were singing and everything was like a perfect day in June. At Salinas we took the train for Templeton, and from there we went in an old-fashioned stage-coach and six horses over the mountains to San Luis Obispo, where we spent the night.

We stopped at the Hotel Ramona, and found ourselves just outside of a small old town among the

mountains, very quiet and picturesque. The next morning we sauntered around the town and visited the Catholic Mission church, which gives the place quite a Spanish air. This was the first mission we had seen. Then we went to the Convent of the Immaculate Heart where we were shown all over the school by two polite sisters. The children sang "Columbia, the gem of the ocean" for us, and we saw them playing in the little garden behind, which looks very much like pictures of French schools. We were much pleased with some beautiful pink roses of a rare tint.

That afternoon we took the train for Los Olivos, the second and last place at which we stopped on our journey over the mountains from Monterey to Santa Barbara. We arrived at this town in the evening and left early the next morning by stage, with a fifty-mile mountain drive before us. We passed over beautiful green fields, just like English park lands — not like a stage road at home. The meadows were filled with wild flowers, the most common of which was the yellow violet, and the hillsides were purple with a delicate orchid. We stopped at the home station for dinner. It was a picturesque little ranch, with a lovely peach tree in bloom just outside the window.

After leaving there we began to climb the mountain, which seemed interminable. The narrow road winding up was very smooth and well built, and the engineer who built the road was on the box with the driver and pointed out objects of interest. When we began to descend, as we swung around sharp curves, with but two feet between us and a steep precipice of six hundred feet, the driver won our admiration by his skillful management of six horses. It had taken us four hours to go up the mountain, — we came down in two. It was just like Marshall Pass, and the views were beyond description. Coming down the mountain we had, from this great height, a fine view of the city of Santa Barbara, and of the ocean and islands far below. Driving into the city, we passed a large orange grove which was beautiful to behold and loaded with fruit.

We reached our hotel, the Arlington, at five in the afternoon, after our long drive, which was made quite exciting by the anticipation of stage robbers. Our stage had been "held up" a month before, and the detectives were still hunting the neighborhood for traces of the roadmen. We saw two men lying at the

side of the road in the wildest part of our way, whom some thought must be the robbers. We had been warned at Los Olivos to hide our jewelry; so the rings were hidden, and one lady put her watch in her bonnet. Some hid their money in their shoes or under the carriage seat.

We found the Arlington full, and Mr. Moody, the evangelist, was there. We were surprised to have music at dinner, though we didn't like it very well. The programme of the concert was printed on the back of the menu and we thought it quite a novelty. In the morning we went to the beach and washed our hands in the Pacific which we had forgotten to do at Monterey and San Francisco. Then we went to hear Mr. Moody and found him very strong and interesting.

The flowers are beautiful and cheap — one can buy a pretty bunch of pink roses for twenty cents. From the hotel one has a good view of the mountains which are directly in front, and while we were there the clouds were down upon them giving us a glorious sunset. In the afternoon we took a drive up among the hills to a fine residence surrounded with beautiful flowers and brilliant acacia, and had magnificent views of the ocean and of the hills back of us. We saw a



grapevine forty years old, and great fields of pampas grass.

We visited the old Mission and went in and heard the monks chanting their vespers in the gallery. It was a solemn and to me a novel sight. The outside of the church was of old, yellow stone, with a small amount of carving. It had two towers, in which hung two large bells. Inside, there were several altars—one large and highly decorated at the end of the church, besides four others, two on each side. Next day I went alone to the church and a monk showed me the belfry, in climbing to which we had to go up a flight of old, narrow stone steps and from which one has grand views. I was honored, too, by being taken into the yard, where no ladies are allowed, and which is the promenade of the "Seven Friars." Horses in Santa Barbara were as plentiful, or more so, than dogs in most places—cunning little mustangs with Mexican bridles and saddles. They guided perfectly by the neck and required no driving; so half the time, one could ride with the reins on the pommel and hands in the lap.

We left Santa Barbara that Friday afternoon, traveling for a while close to the shore, with its foaming

surf and high cliffs. On this journey we passed the house where Ramona once lived. We arrived at Los Angeles at eight in the evening and spent the night there. In the morning we took a ride around the city in the cable cars, which go up some steep hills, but not equal to those of San Francisco. What pleased me most in the city were four enormous palm trees, each a hundred years old. The residences were tastefully laid out with green grass in "apple-pie order" and orange trees, palms, lilies, heliotrope, roses and daisies in profusion. The wild flowers, too, are very abundant—one gentleman counted one hundred and eighty different varieties.

We drove out to Pasadena in the early afternoon, taking a roundabout way in order to see the country. Lower in the valley—surrounded by the grand old mountains—were acres of vineyards and of orange groves, of pine-apples, pepper and eucalyptus trees. We saw the old Mission at San Gabriel and "Lucky Baldwin's" immense orange and apricot groves. We had a pretty sight when a large flock of sheep, probably seven hundred in number, as they were driven by a colic over a green hill, looked like a cloud of snow driven by the wind.

Arriving at Pasadena, we put up at the "Raymond" situated conspicuously on a hill which seems to crown the valley. The word Pasadena meaning the crown of the valley, very fitly describes the place. Sunday we went in the morning to the new Episcopal church. In the afternoon, we took a short walk around the hotel and had a good view of Bald mountain covered with snow — the clouds having lifted so we could just see it. It seemed remarkable to see snow so near where oranges blossomed and even the fruit itself was growing, and where flowers were blooming all around. We visited Sierra Madre, a beautiful spot, near the foot of the mountains, surrounded by orange trees and palms — a very quiet place for invalids, who, as the hotel is small, can be undisturbed. We enjoyed our drive there very much — the mountains rising among the broken clouds were very beautiful, and the fields were fairly aglow with the yellow poppy.

That afternoon was our last in California before leaving for the East, and we packed with regret; for it was hard to leave that sunny land of flowers, where we enjoyed such delightful times. In the evening we left in our "old friend," the sleeping-car, for El Paso, Texas, arising the next morning only to look upon a

very barren country in place of the land of perpetual bloom which we had left. We breakfasted at Yuma, Arizona, where there were many Indians, with long, shaggy black hair, brilliantly dressed in gay blankets, and sitting at the foot of a great sand hill near the station, which they were helping to dig away.

After this, our way was through a sandy country, barren except for sage-bush — about all we could see was the sand hills in the distance. We passed a remarkably large variety of cacti, among which were some that grew very high, eight feet or so, in one spike and then near the top branched out, looking like giant candelabra. There were many small cacti, blossoming close to the ground, and many wild flowers, especially the yellow poppy, grew profusely from the sand. The hot springs were interesting and curious — we could see the steam rising in the distance from the desert.

We arrived at El Paso the next morning near noon-time and went to an old southern hotel, which was very small and crowded with travellers. The darkey bell-boys amused and startled us by sliding down the stair-rail, which was quite steep and the stairs narrow,

making it very dangerous, except for the darkeys who were skillful at it. They leaned half way across, and went down with their heads on the outside and without taking hold.

We drove into Mexico in the afternoon, by crossing the Rio Grande, which is quite shallow at El Paso. We saw beautiful Mexican opals, fans and pretty models in the stores. The old white adobe houses almost without windows were very picturesque, and the country around looked exceedingly barren — sand everywhere, clay mounds for walls, and little muddy streams of water running in gutters of clay along the road. The sandy land seemed utterly useless for anything and must make an idle people. We saw a structure where bull-fights were held; but it was being pulled down, for the season was over. The dark Mexicans were quite pretty in their gay shawls as they stood in the doorways of their white clay houses. Paso del Norte, the town which we visited, was interesting, but everybody seemed idle and there was nothing in the way of beauty there.

As for El Paso, it was surrounded by sand plains, or, rather, that was the only thing I could see over the low buildings from my chamber window. It was very

hot and dry while we were there — no sign of grass — and the only thing in the way of a park was a small enclosure of paths with a few seats and a flagpole near the fence. The dust was horrible — the sand blowing into your face and eyes like a snow storm.

Having had enough of El Paso, we left the place the next day and travelled on through the flat, sandy country all the following day and night. As we looked out from the platform of the last car, there was nothing to be seen but the railroad tracks and the telegraph poles, and perhaps occasionally the remains of an unfortunate cow that had died probably from thirst and hunger. The heat was intolerable, and we were glad on the second day of our journey to reach San Antonio — though we suffered from the heat there, too.

San Antonio is quite a large city. It has many light wooden houses in the city part, and handsome stone houses at the Military Post. The cars are drawn by mules. We visited two interesting old missions outside the city, in driving to which we had to ford the San Antonio river with the water almost up to the door of the carriage. The horses splashing through the water was very exciting. The driver told us a man had been

drowned in the river while driving through a short while before.

The Post, which is just outside the city, has a beautiful green parade ground surrounded by the handsome stone houses of the officers, which are decorated with beautiful rose vines and flowers — very different from the houses at El Paso. This Post is an important one because it and Fort Leavenworth are the only military stations in the United States which have artillery, cavalry and infantry together. It is also the store-house of the western posts, and as it is on the boundary line of Mexico it is of utmost value to the government. We witnessed the dress parade, which, as it was the first parade of the season, was quite a grand affair. While in the city we attended a play called "Siberia," in which was included the march of the exiles to Siberia in a snow-storm. The snow-storm was quite refreshing to us Northerners in such a hot climate. Sunday we went to church and a dog sat in the pew behind us.

Monday we left for New Orleans at 1.30 in the morning — seeing the sun rise and set that day in Texas. All the morning — which seemed a long one — we travelled in a common car, and had the roughest

ride we had yet had on our trip—the road having been much washed by a severe rainstorm. We changed cars at Houston, Texas, and went into a comfortable sleeping car for the night, fully appreciating the comforts of our Pullman after our tiresome day. All through the evening we could see beautiful prairie fires from our car windows. Leaving Houston we entered a country of woods and swamp, which reminded us we were nearing Louisiana and getting East again.

At eight in the morning we arrived at New Orleans, but had to cross the Mississippi river before entering the city. We settled at the St. Charles for three days, during which time we visited Lake Ponchartrain, the Country Club, the West End, Spanish Fort, the Cathedral, the Lee statue and the burying ground and many other places. The Cathedral was very grand and interesting, situated on Jackson Square, and surrounded by low buildings. The market was very large and curious, having in it everything from bananas to dresses.

The levees were picturesque with their bales of cotton and the negroes in their gay bandannas. The city itself is very old, interesting and Frenchy: many people wearing black in Lent, and the posting of death



notice on the street corners and open theatres on Sunday, made things seem quite foreign. The cotton palace was a queer-looking building, ornamented outside with cotton and straw, being almost completely covered with them. They have "cane-walks" in the palace which are said to be amusing. We met a Raymond party here, on its way to Mexico. Their way of travelling seems to be very complete.

Late Thursday afternoon we started for Chicago, seeing a lovely sunset over the swamps, and having a beautiful view of the lake as we left New Orleans. That night we travelled through Mississippi and the next day through small portions of Tennessee and Kentucky, and the next night through the whole length of Illinois, arriving early in the morning at Chicago. We crossed the Ohio at Cairo, Illinois, by ferry boat the view of the river at its junction with the Mississippi being grand in the extreme.

We returned once more to the "Grand Pacific," which looked very natural, as did Prof. Swing when we heard him Sunday morning again, just five weeks after we had heard him on the way out. In the afternoon we went through a tunnel under the Chicago river to the St. James church which is very brilliant

inside. The services are high, with choir boys. We also saw the prison where the anarchists were hung.

Monday we left for Newark, N. J., travelling all day through Indiana and Ohio, and awaking the next morning in the tame but beautiful Alleghanies. We rolled into New Jersey at about three o'clock that afternoon, finding everything still wintry in March after having had summer.

We were glad to rest again after our long but delightful journey,—although it had been taken so easily and comfortably, without an accident, and with only one day in which it had rained.



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